

# BEWITCHED

VOL. 1, NO. 1

\$1.00

pagan playmate ...

miss dickson's  
lover!

ADULTS ONLY





Editor . . . . . J. Bartley  
 Photo Editor . . . . . L. Colldson  
 Art Director . . . . . E. Crail



## Fiction

PAGAN PLAYMATE, R. Tanson	4
MRS. DICKSON'S LOVER, T. Lane	32
WAKE OF DEATH, G. Tyler	14



## Pictorial

A JEWEL NAMED JUNE, June Wilkinson	6
SYB IN A CRIB, Sybil Duncan	18
DATA ON A DAME, Charlene Charles	26
FABULOUSLY FEMALE, M. Wheeler	36
TAN-MAN, Julie Ann	50
BLUE JEANS BETTY, Betty Levigno	59
IMMORAL MISS LEES, Janice Lees	72
JUNIOR LEAGUE, Sharon Hayen	76



## Articles

WHEN CHOOSING A WIFE, A. Farmer	66
THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT, G. Tyler	42
FRENCH BUBBLE, S. Pastor	56



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# Pagan Playmate

SHE wasn't Polynesian, but she didn't have to be; she was beautiful and that was plenty for me. I stood there in the hot blows of Tahitian sunlight and watched her proudly, like a man who owned a first edition of the Bible. I had never, in all my young life, met a woman quite like Jacqueline Duval — nor a country like this little Tuamotu paradise. I knew, when I stepped off the Matson out of Los Angeles, that my problems with the love life would only be language. In a place like Tahiti a man doesn't have to do handstands, or weave webs, to snare the fair game; but speaking only English on a French island made me think that the brief stay my father intended would be nothing but oggling agony. Jacqueline spoke terrific English!

*(Continued on page 24)*





*A*  
**JEWEL**  
*named*  
**JUNE**

6

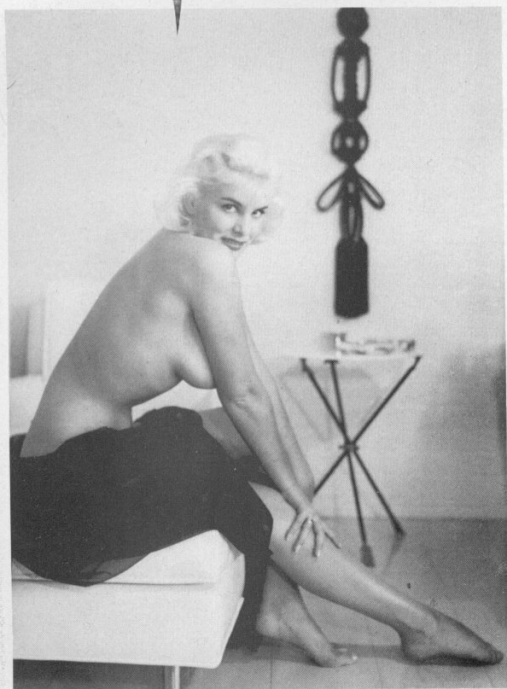
PICTORIAL



There seems to remain, despite the frequent appearances of the "June Jewel" a constant demand for more of this century's most spectacular anatomy. The general trend in the real men's magazine is nude, nuder and nudest. But since some people's imagination runs rampant in the WORST of circumstances, June appears on these pages as she likes best, "teasing attire." But with this jubilant jem, little or no imagination is needed.



Among Hollywood's most successful models, starlets and most exposed women, June's particular penchant is, at this time, to dig her teeth into a good dramatic role. Delving further into the life of this luscious amazon, it is learned that she wishes to cease posing 'a la bare' and let the producers see her for something other than a successful sex symbol. If June adheres to this thought then the males, world over, will next be seeing June as possibly Anna Lucasta. If she SHOULD forsake the lights and glamour it will possibly be the end of a great era.







With an air of sophistication, June adorns a bed, at one time intended for sleeping, but at this moment that thought is passe'.



Once frankly delighted at being sought after the world over, June is tiring of being a full fledged flesh idol.

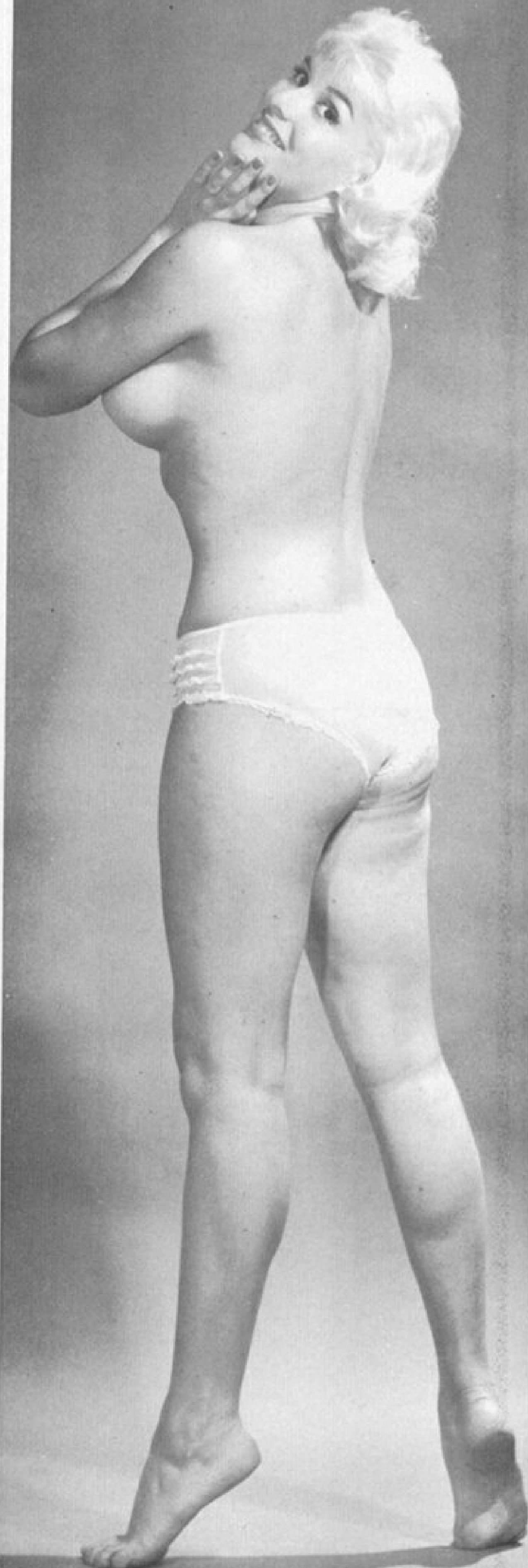


June, the model, actress, singer, dancer, all a part of this successful and many faceted jewel.

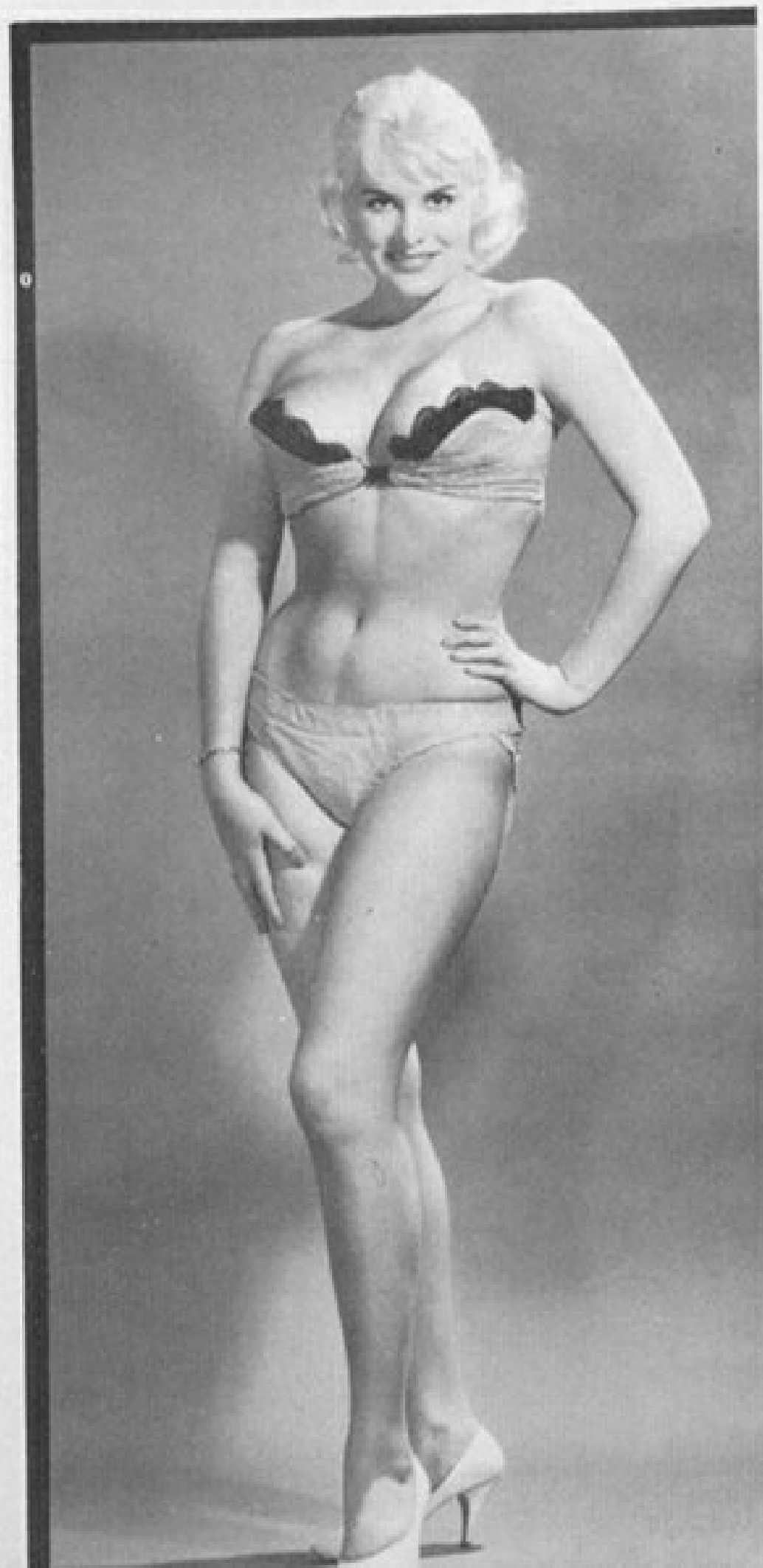




# JUNE JEWEL



12



# THE WAKE OF DEATH

by

Tod Burke

FICTION

**D**ick Thompson lifted numbed fingers to probe tenderly at the sticky lump on the side of his head. When he tried to push himself to his feet, blades of pain lanced violently across his forehead and the motion of the powerboat threw him flat again.

"Take your time, skipper," the female voice instructed quietly.

He clamped his eyes shut, propped on a wobbling elbow and tried to recall how he had managed to end up on the floor of the **Williwaw's** cockpit with a knot on his head. He had chartered his thirty foot boat, in Jamaica, to a man and his wife who had wanted to do a little fishing. The price had been right and the weather good, so he'd stowed them aboard and headed out of Kingston in the faint light of morning. Somewhere between the capitol of the island and Portland Point, they'd belted him with something resembling the main gaff of a Gloucester schooner, and he'd ended up on the floorboards of his boat as it streaked off across the blue waters for some unknown destination.

He started to get to his feet again, using the fishing chair as a crutch.

"You have a soft skull, Captain Thompson," the girl told him. "You've been out a long time."

Behind her, the big Jamaican negro nodded his oversized head and flashed brilliant teeth over his shoulder. His huge paws were fingered around the spokes of the **Williwaw's** wheel.

"Where th' hell's your gutless husband?" Nick grunted, and swung into a sitting position in the fishing chair.

"Below," the woman said.

His vision swam back slowly and he allowed his eyes to focus boldly on the generous thrust of breasts beneath the silk blouse. It had popped a button or two, possibly from sheer strain, and the result

was interesting even to a man who was probably the recipient of a concussion. The blouse was tied across her stomach and the smooth column of her waist had been wedged into a pair of white shorts that seemed like another layer of skin. Beneath that everything was bare and beautiful . . . and deadly, Nick decided. There was a .45 automatic in one slender fist and it never wavered from its uncomfortable position — aiming at his head.

The Jamaican, recently hired to bait hooks, had apparently been a part of the scheme from the beginning and he knew how to handle boats. In fact, he looked as though he could handle damned near anything. His name was Buck, Nick recalled, and he seemed to be the Caribbean's answer to Yukon Eric, with a deep tan.

"Piracy," Nick muttered to the gunbarrel, "is a crime punishable by hanging."

The crimson lips smiled. "But from the yardarm of the stolen boat. This one has none, Captain."

"I'll put one on her."

"I don't think so."

Thoughts of Lita Martinez drifted into Nick's muddled mind as he stared blankly into the redhead's gun. She was probably the only person in Kingston who had any idea about him chartering his boat to the piratical couple who claimed to be American tourists. If these people were any kind of tourists, the U.S. had better start worrying.

The waves of nausea and dizziness swashed over him with the violence of a white squall, but were gone as fast. He stood up, legs spread to brace himself against the motion of the boat.

"Sit down, Captain. I'm not ready to take care of you yet. We have to wait until Johnny comes up." She smiled. "He's busy tying up your girlfriend."

Thompson blinked. Lita! Here!



He didn't get much of a chance to think about it, because the redhead's thin husband — if he **was** her husband — came up from the cabin and nodded briefly to the negro, Buck. Flashing another grin,

Buck moved aft and pulled a length of rope from the rope locker. He wasn't very gentle in lashing Thompson's hands behind his back.

"There," Buck grinned.

"Take him below, with his senorita."

The big Jamaican thrust an oversized hand under Nick's arm and lifted him out of the fishing chair. He aimed him toward the hatch



and shoved gently. Nick stumbled down the companionway into the cabin and fell into the starboard bunk.

"Nick!"

The hatch closed above him and he turned to look at Lita Martinez.

"Nick, **querido**, what do they do?"

"I dunno, **amante**, but it doesn't look good. How'd they get you?"

"It ees after you have gone, las' night," she told him. "They come into thee bedroom an' before I can cry out, I am wrap up in thee blanket. Then I am here."

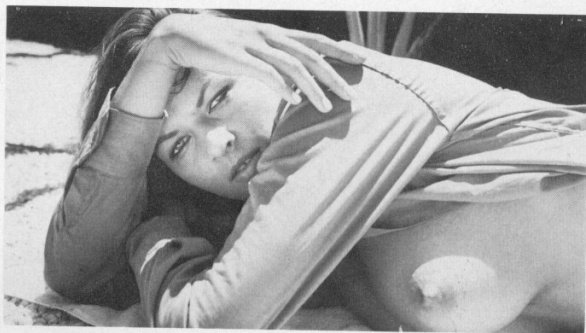
Nick nodded and remembered that after leaving Lita's apartment, he had gone to a bar. A few beers had developed into a lot of beers and he stayed here until sailing time. He'd never given Lita a

(Continued on next page)









thought, but now he was doing a lot of thinking about her. When he'd come too, he'd been counting on her as an ace in the hole — now, no one in Kingston knew anything about him.

Lita was still wearing a flimsy little nightgown that appeared to be made of pale blue gauze and against whose texture the soft thrust of her small breasts and thighs created sensual patterns in the dim light. Johnny had done a good job of tying her and Nick clamped his jaws together in anger when he saw the brutal rope biting into her smooth flesh. He strained angrily at his bonds, but the muscular Jamaican had done an equally good job on him.

Now what, his mind demanded bitterly.

The fall of night was like a magician's trick, but then it usually is on the ocean. Nick lay on his side, trying vainly to loosen the bonds about his wrists. He'd been making a little progress, but not enough to get loose.

The hatch slid forward and a pair of beautiful legs came into his range of vision, followed by the slender waist and thrusting breasts of the redhead. She smiled at him.

"Comfy, Captain?"

"I could be a lot more comfortable," Nick spat, "if I knew what the hell's going on."

The crimson smile broadened. "Just a little mission to accomplish, Captain Thompson. Then you may have your boat back."

"In how many pieces?"

"I don't know."

"But there will be pieces?"

"Perhaps. After all, we cannot depend upon you and your charm-

ing little Mexican to keep your mouths shut . . ."

"So, after you've used the boat, you'll mine it and turn it loose. Right?"

"Probably. I don't know, really."

"Bitch," Nick muttered.

"Marla," Johnny shouted from topside. "Get up here! We're almost there!"

Marla, with her .45 thrust in the waistband of her shorts, went up through the hatch to the cockpit and left Nick straining to get loose.

"What do they do, Nick?" Lita asked.

"Dunno. I thought at first they might be members of some sort of counter-revolutionary movement against Castro. But that's silly. They

(Continued on page 70)



PICTORIAL



# Syb

18

# In A Crib





Once upon a time there was a little girl, 37-21-34, well not quite so little, who just loved to loll around her baby crib. Now many men had tried to get her out of the crib and into a more comfortable bed, but Sybil just refused to budge. Romping and frolicking like all little girls, she loved the smell of the clean white sheets and of course she stayed in her birthday suit. Most little girls do. She bit her toes, sucked her thumb, played with hats, slept on and on. Finally after much coaxing, a tall, blonde, handsome man called Prince Charming came to see Sybil. There was no coaxing needed, for baby Sybil became sexy Sybil







21



AND OUT OF THE CRIB SHE CAME.





SYBIL NEVER WENT BACK TO HER CRIB. AND SYB AND  
HER PRINCE CHARMING LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER.

## Pagan Playmate

She lay on the dark sand, tanned to the tip of her filled out *pareu*, her lithe legs stretched toward the toss of the emerald Pacific, digging painted toenails into the beach. Her long, ebony hair was pulled back, dotted by local flowers, and freely caressing the soft smoothness of her rounded shoulders. The lift of her ample breasts fought a losing battle with the flower printed Tahitian equivalent of the sarong, and I could feel a tight pulsing in my temples. I even would have asked her to marry me, but she would only have laughed and disappeared into the greenery.

When I couldn't stand it any longer, I stepped out of the fronds and palms and walked to where she stretched languidly in the sunlight. When she heard me she looked up, the perfect white of her teeth flashing brightly against the sun-kissed brown of her skin.

"Johnny," she whispered, with just enough *oui* in the accent to make me sound like the realization of one of her wildest dreams. "Johnny, where have you been?"

"The old man," I snorted,

lying down with her on the sand. "Like I told you before. I can't get away from him."

She pouted. "Sometimes I think you don't want to get away from him. In town, they say you are *mahu*."

"Who said it," I demanded. I don't like being called a pansy in any language.

"I heard it. I don't know who said it. They always say things like that about a man with no *vahine*."

"I thought I had one."

"For what? For to talk with, on the beach? Oh Johnny, I think I tell you something about women."

"I know, I know," I said bitterly. "I can't help it, though. It's the old man."

"Get a *vahine* for him. I have a friend . . ."

"My dad? You're sick, baby," I told her sadly. "You don't know my old man. He's the original, dedicated science type."

"I think my friend can . . ."

"Is your friend an *Orchidaceae*, by any chance?" I asked bitterly.

"What?" Her delicate dark brows lifted amazingly.

"That's a thousand franc word for orchid. That's all my old man is interested in. Flowers! Plants! Honey, if he knew I was

here with you, he'd probably stick me on the next Matson out of Papeete."

"But what of us, Johnny?"

"I'll think of something."

She sat up suddenly in the sand to clasp her arms about her neatly rounded knees. For a moment, all I had was the golden view of a sand-speckled back, with long, wavy black hair. I felt cut off, like a man whose wife develops a headache at a strategic moment. I sat up and brushed at the sand, knowing that she wasn't too happy with things. That made two of us.

"I'll think of something, honey," I told her again.

"You do that," she said firmly and stood up. "If you do, you know where I live, Johnny."

I opened my mouth to say something, but the words got stuck somewhere and all I could do was watch the rolling toss of her hips, as she walked away.

I sat there, watching her until she disappeared in the brush, feeling defeated and washed up. I had to do something. I had to do something fast. If me and my voluptuous *vahine* didn't arrange to have a passion *luau* on the grassy banks of a local lagoon, I was sure as hell going to lose her to one of those jet-





age kids who kept winging in every day.

I glanced at my watch and swore softly. Time to get back to the hotel. Dammit, if he didn't hold all the money, I swear I would have told him to take a swan dive into the nearest coral patch — but that would end the vacation. I stood up and walked back to the hotel, wondering how a red blooded, normal American male, like my long widowed father, could possibly be interested in Polynesian plants, with so many lovely, *double breasted tomatos* walking around.

At the hotel, I stared into a glass of cognac and thought. And thought. All around the hotel bar, tourist types laughed and joked and toasted an end to virginity, or something, while I sat there and studied my problem.

My old man stands six feet two in his socks, sporting shoulders like the beam of an LST. With all his blond hair and muscles riding each other piggy back, he looks more like a U.C.L.A. tackle than a botanist. But the build only houses the brain, and my old man has a brain! He's the type of character who does not pull weeds out of the garden, he pulls *Flapatrapcus - nostabigae*, or some outlandish thing like that. Plants are his passion. It's kind of sickening, in a way. Mainly because it is my job to carry his specimens, tell him where the hell he left his pocket knife, how far it is to the nearest water, and what happened to his field we reach a site, I relax while he book of tropical plants. When we reach a site, I relax while he whirls himself onto nervana, or something, and I wait. When he's finished I compliment him and lead him on to the next site —hoping we run into a boa constrictor.

That's my old man.

And I was battering my I.Q. against a stone wall in an effort

to shake him for just one lousy night. I can tell you right now, while you're sitting there figuring out all the answers, that the ordinary thing doesn't work. I have threatened to throw myself under the wheels of a fast freight, get stupid drunk, blow my brains out with a muzzle loading dueling pistol, and on and on. No dice. My old man has an angle for everything . . .

Then, it hit me!

In a way, it was a corny idea, but with my dad it would work. It would click and I could feel it deep down inside. Like, when you pick a lucky horse at the track and you can feel it all the way around as he noses out the other nags. I never had a feeling so good.

"Oh, there you are, John."

I looked up and there was my pop, six feet two inches of debonair manhood who thinks women were invented to feed men.

"Hi, dad," I said.

He pulled a chair under his butt as he collapsed in satisfaction, grinning like the man who discovered sex. "Son," he said urgently. "I'm onto something hot! Real hot!"

"Good."

"Look, there's a plant, right here on Tahiti, that to the best of my knowledge has never been seen by man!"

"No," I said, faking amazement.

"That's right," he bubbled. "Never before seen by white men. I was talking to a native this afternoon, who saw it. Of course, it was five years ago. But still . . ."

"When do we leave?"

"Are you really anxious? D'you really want to go?"

"Certainly," I said real fast. Sometimes he goes into unsolvable fits of depression if you act unenthusiastic. I found that out back when I was threatening to leap from the top floors of New York skyscrapers.

He frowned and looked thoughtful for a moment. "Er . .

yeah. Yeah, well . . . okay, son, okay. Uh . . . we'd better get a little sleep, then. Uh . . . we'll be up late tonight."

"Late? Why?"

"Well, this plant, according to the native, is up near the top of Mount Orohont." He sounded apologetic.

"Where?" I bellowed.

He repeated the name.

"That's what I thought you said. Dad, have you any idea at all what that is?"

"Some kind of mountain, or something."

I sighed. "Yeah. Elevation 7339 feet. A hill, that's all, like Heartbreak Ridge."

"Well," he said suspiciously, "if you don't feel up to it, you know, if you're feeling weak."

"No," I said, feeling that he had placed too much of an emphasis on the word, weak.

"Good. We'd better get some sleep, we'll have to travel all night to get there."

I groaned inwardly, thinking of Jacqueline. All night. All cotton picking night, slogging through the local boondocks to look at a flower. The plan I'd thought of had better work. For all I knew, right now my little Polynesian pomegranite was cuddling up to some jerk who'd just stepped off a lousy jet.

I let him lead me up to the room, feeling the whole world falling about my shoulders.

I FAKED it until pop began sawing wood. When he was out of it, I got up and slipped into the bathroom and started painting. Great big, unwholesome purple blots of nothing more harmless than paint, but geared at sight to pale dear dad's stout heart. Actually, I admit it was a pretty corny trick, but it was just about the only one I'd never tried on him and I was getting desperate. Finished, I hopped back into the rack and thought of Jacqueline and the warm softness of her arms and the sweetness of her mouth.

# DATA ON A DAME

**NAME** CHARLENE CHARLES

**AGE** 24

**WHERE BORN** Chicago, Illinois

**MEASUREMENTS:**

**BUST** 41

**WAIST** 24

**HIPS** 35

**WEIGHT** 119

**HEIGHT** 5'5"





## PICTORIAL

**COLOR HAIR** Ash Blonde

**COLOR EYES** Green

**NATIONALITY** English and Irish

**AMBITION** High Fashion Modeling

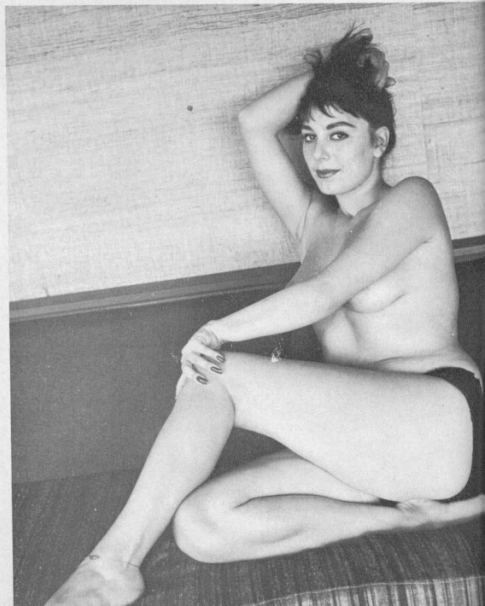
**WHAT TYPE OF MAN PREFERRED**

Physically attractive—with a mind

**FAVORITE FOOD** Steak, Lobster

**TYPICAL EVENING** OUT WITH Favorite Male

**FAVORITE PERSONALITY** Frank Sinatra

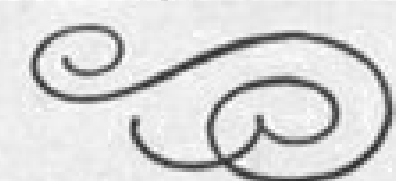




**RECORDS** PROGRESSIVE JAZZ

**DISLIKE IN WOMEN** False Modesty





BUST 41

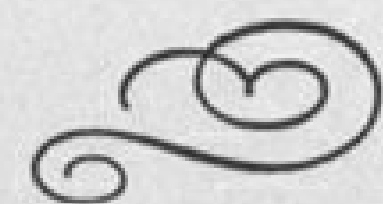
WAIST 24

HIPS 35

WEIGHT 119

HEIGHT 5'5"

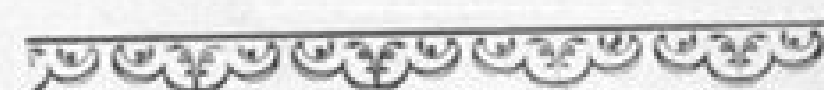
COLOR EYES Green





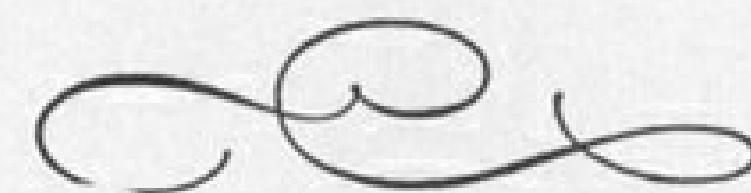


# Mrs. Dickson's Lover



32

*In the light of the moon I could see him kissing her, his hands sliding down her waist to where her hips swelled beneath her skirt in a neat circle.*



I COULD hear them coming through the darkness toward the supply shed, so I dropped down behind a couple of boxes because I recognized the sound of Mrs. Dickson's voice and she wasn't with her husband. It kind of bothered me that she'd be moving around during the late night hours with some other guy, but I had her figured by the time they'd reached the shed.

Casey Davis, my first mate, would be cussing me out royal for not bringing the coil of rigging line back to where our forty foot sloop was tied up to one of Ben Dickson's slips, but I couldn't leave. Casey and I were working night and day to get the *Barracuda* into sailing condition and all we had to do was reeve new topping lifts for the mainsail. He'd be mumbling to himself by now. I could have gotten out easily enough, through the back door, but I wanted to see what was going on. I was sorry, almost at once.

The two of them slipped into the shed and in the moonlight I could see them perfectly. For a moment, they were silhouetted against the big window and I could see that she was with her husband's new foreman, Dave Nichols. I didn't like him and he didn't care a hell of a lot for me either. He was too big, too good looking and too much of a know it all. "Travis," he said, once, "I don't know how a guy as dumb as you can pilot a forty foot sloop beyond the breakwater, let alone the Herring Pond." That's when I figured him for a phony — hardly anyone ever calls the North Atlantic, the "Herring Pond" anymore.

I hunched down a little further behind the boxes and he pulled her away from the window. In the light of the moon, I could see him kissing her, his hands sliding down beyond her waist to where her hips swelled beneath her skirt in a neat circle.

He pulled her over to where Ben had stacked a lot of sail bags and they fell down on them, clutching at each other. I kept expecting Ben Dickson to burst into the place any minute, but he never showed. The two of them kept mumbling and whispering to each other, until Mrs. Dickson finally pulled away and stood up.

I watched, facinated as her fingers pulled and tugged at her clothing. PIECE BY PIECE THE BLOUSE, THE SKIRT AND HER HALF SLIP SIGHED TO THE FLOOR AND I KNEW THAT THE MENTAL PICTURE OF HER HAD BEEN ACCURATE.

(Continued on next page)

33



She flicked the snap on her bra and the twin cones of her magnificent breasts thrust up and out. Dave lay on the sail bags looking at her. I couldn't see his face but I could imagine the expression that would be pasted there. I could feel his hands, even at this distance, just itching to get hold of the warm body that was poised before him. Then she sort of bowed forward toward him and her legs lifted one at a time. When she straightened up all she was wearing was a kind of smouldering smile and her dark eyes were fixed upon the guy on the sail bags. I watched as his hand snaked out, grabbed at the smooth flesh of her inner thigh and pulled her down with him on the canvas.

I watched them for a moment more; then, feeling like a man seeing the same show for the tenth time on T.V., I picked up the coil of line and headed out the back door easily. Casey wondered what the hell had kept me, but I told him I couldn't find the rope at first.

"Rope," he said, disgustedly. "Rope . . . on a boat!"

I didn't sleep much that night, after we'd hung the topping lift to the mast truck. Casey snored his head off, but I kept thinking of Ben Dickson, wondering whether he knew that his frau was playing around the supply sheds with his new yard foreman. It wouldn't surprise me if he didn't know, because he'd always been such an honest, meticulous type of guy that I supposed a thing like this would be hard for him to understand.

Of course, it was probably his own fault. Being a friend of his, I knew that his biggest passion was boats — building, repairing and sailing them. All this was accomplished with his usual, precise manner. It took a lot of his time, this mania for precision, and maybe his wife suffered for it . . . still, she could have picked a better guy than that stupid foreman.

About ten o'clock the next day I walked off the slip area and headed toward Ben's house to pay him what I owed for materials used in re-rigging the *Barracuda*. As I walked up towards the house, I saw Mrs. Dickson and Nichols motoring a thirty foot powerboat out through the boat slips toward the channel. Chirst, I thought, even in broad daylight they're managing to get together. I paused for a moment, watching the boat move out into the water. There was something familiar about it, as



though I'd seen it before; but then, boats are like people. You remember some, some you forget. I walked on up to the porch and knuckled the door.

Ben opened it and I stepped inside. He was about forty, a heavy set guy with shoulders like a football tackle and a face like a chunk of roughly chiseled granite. A man would never think that a guy like Ben would be such a damned fine boatbuilder, but he was known all up and down the coast. When he built you a sloop, it was precisely the way the designer intended it. At his yard there was no such thing as a short cut.

"Come to pay you, Ben," I said, pulling out my wallet.

"Drink first, Mike," he said, and waved the wallet back into my pocket.

I shrugged and followed him out into the kitchen, waiting until he dug a couple of cans of beer out of the refrigerator. He jabbed some holes in them and handed me one. What the hell does a guy tell his friends in a case like this. Say, something like . . . by the way, Ben, I notice your wife is having a Banyan Party with your foreman in the sheds! Good show, what!

"See the boat?" He asked, his eyes glistening.

"What boat?"

"The thirty foot powerboat. I thought you'd seen it going out into the channel."

"Oh," I said, sipping the beer. "That one. Yeah, I saw it."

"The wife and Dave are taking it out on the trial runs," he explained. "It's going to a guy down on the Chesapeake."

"Looks familiar," I said.

"It's a replica."

"A what?"

"Replica. I started doing it while you were in Florida. I sort of got a fascination for building exact duplicates of famous boats. This is my third one. The first two were exact replicas of Slocum's *Spray* and Jack London's *Snark*."

I grinned, trying to keep what I'd seen last night off my face. "I hope *your Snark* was better than London's."

"It was."

We finished our beer and tossed the empty cans into the garbage can under the sink. I kept trying to figure out where I'd seen that thirty footer before, but my thoughts kept getting muddled up with visions of the moonlight glimmering on the warm flesh of Mrs. Dickson as she fell into Nichol's arms.

Ordinarily, I might have just let it all go, because I'm not exactly a Boy Scout myself; but it bugged

me. It bothered me because I didn't like Nichol's, and I did like Ben. We'd known each other for years and that *should* mean something. A friend ought to be able to be relied on, or something. I wanted to tell him, but at the same time I didn't want to. It was confusing. Finally, I thought to hell with it. I paid him for the rigging, said good-by and went back to the sloop. When I left him, he was smiling as though he hadn't a care in the world.

Casey was waiting patiently, his beefy face dripping perspiration as he perched on the cabin roof of the *Barracuda*. He scowled at me. "Bout time," he said. Then he brightened like a starboard running light. "You ask Ben about that thirty footer that went out awhile ago?"

I'd been thinking of his wife again. "What thirty footer?" I blinked.

"The one I saw you looking at, before you went into Ben's house — the replica of the *Sunflower*. Hell, I thought you'd know that boat. Wonder who was dumb enough to order a thing like that."

"Some guy in Maryland," I said. "What's wrong with it?"

"With this boat? Probably nothing." He shrugged.

"I got old ideas. I wouldn't want a boat, even a replica, that killed three people."

"Huh?"



He was patient with me. "Hell, Mike, you remember that boat . . . the one that was built by some yard on Cape Cod for a bigwheel congressman, or something. Blew itself up on the trail runs, and they blamed it on the design . . ."

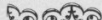
I sort of froze, and it all came flooding back. The news, the pictures of the wreck. For just a brief instant, an idea swept over me, a horrifying idea that was like the trickle of ice water down my back. Ben was . . . No, I thought. Hell, no!

"What's wrong with you, Mike," Casey demanded.

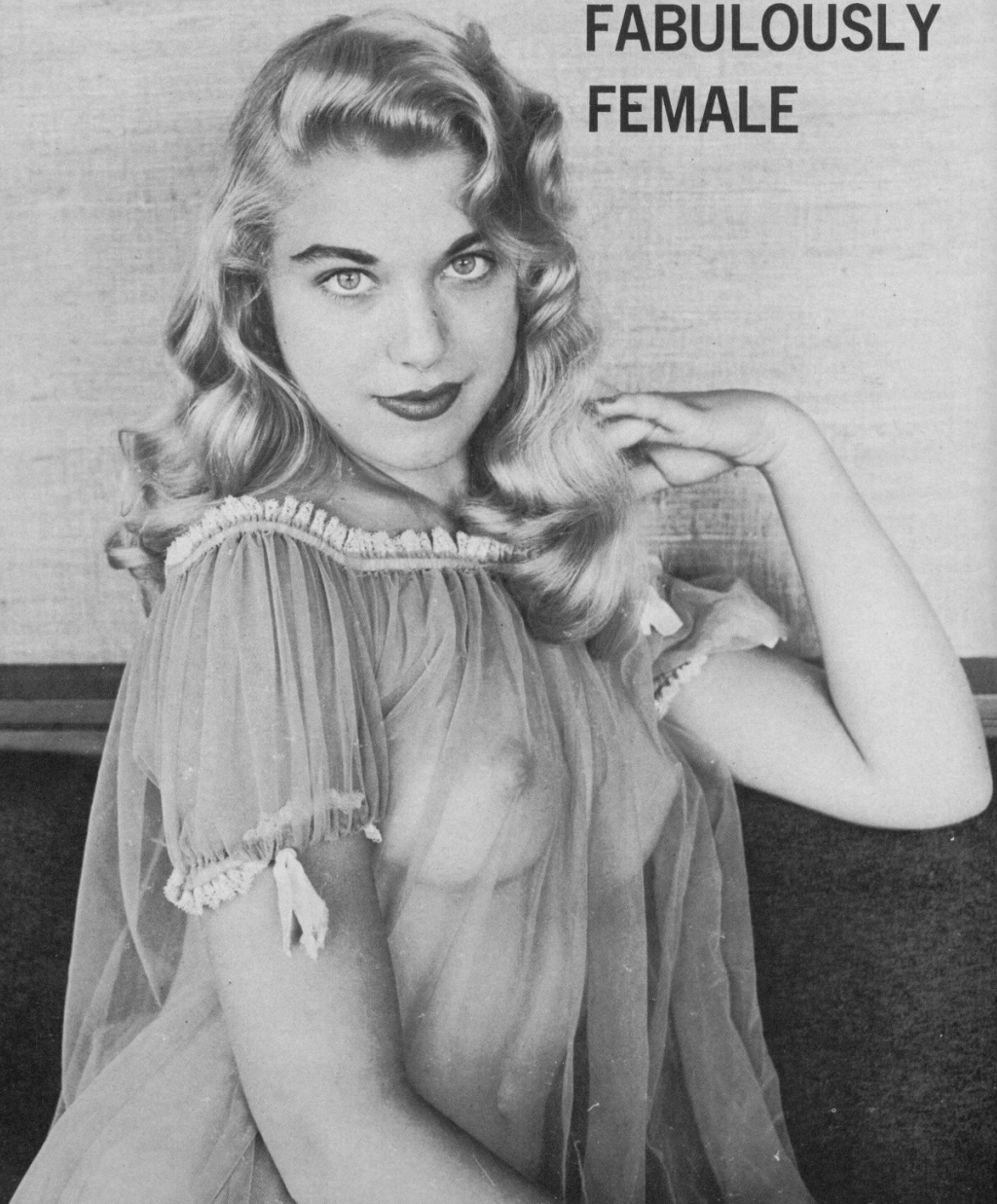
"You sick, or something?"

"No," I croaked. "Lets get this tub on the way back to Florida."

As we pulled out of the slip area, under power, and made for the channel, Ben Dickson came out and waved to us. Casey waved back, but I dug my fingers tight into the spokes of the wheel. Ben looked cheerful.

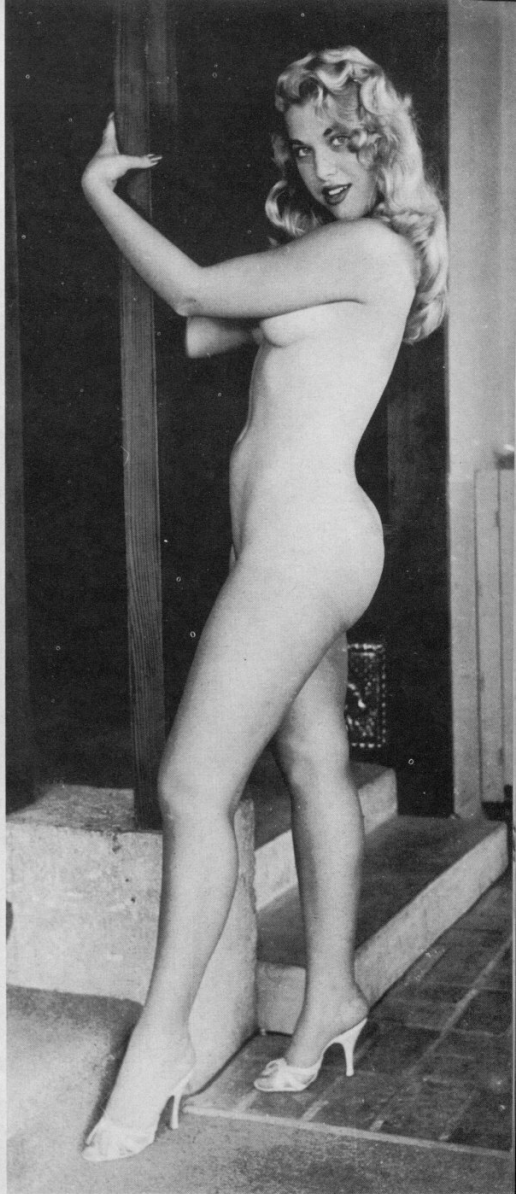
Happy. 

**FABULOUSLY  
FEMALE**





**She is FOR REAL.**



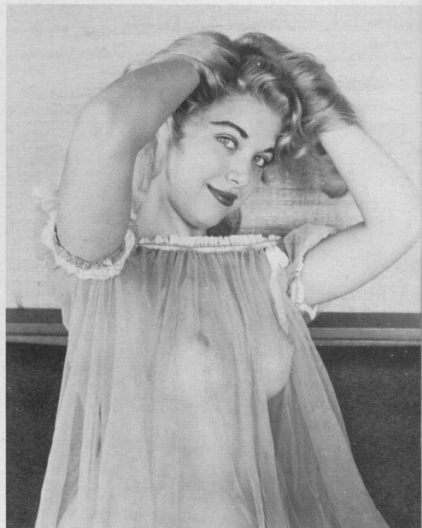
What could be more female than a tall, voluptuous femme with long soft blonde tresses, large blue eyes? Absolutely nothing. In addition, upon looking at this doll, one enjoys the feeling of satin, silk and mink. But generally the above is a conjured vision and never for real. That is until we located Mary Wheeler.



In her Hollywood apartment she poses quite a picture, yet demure, she is brazenly all woman. Disarmingly feminine, naughty negligees just enhance the body of merry Mary. Warm and inviting, Mary, au natural, displays a striking figure. Almost alabaster in color, her flesh revives an unquenchable thirst for another performance.







Even in her most relaxing and restful moods, this vision excites the thrill of conquest in every male.

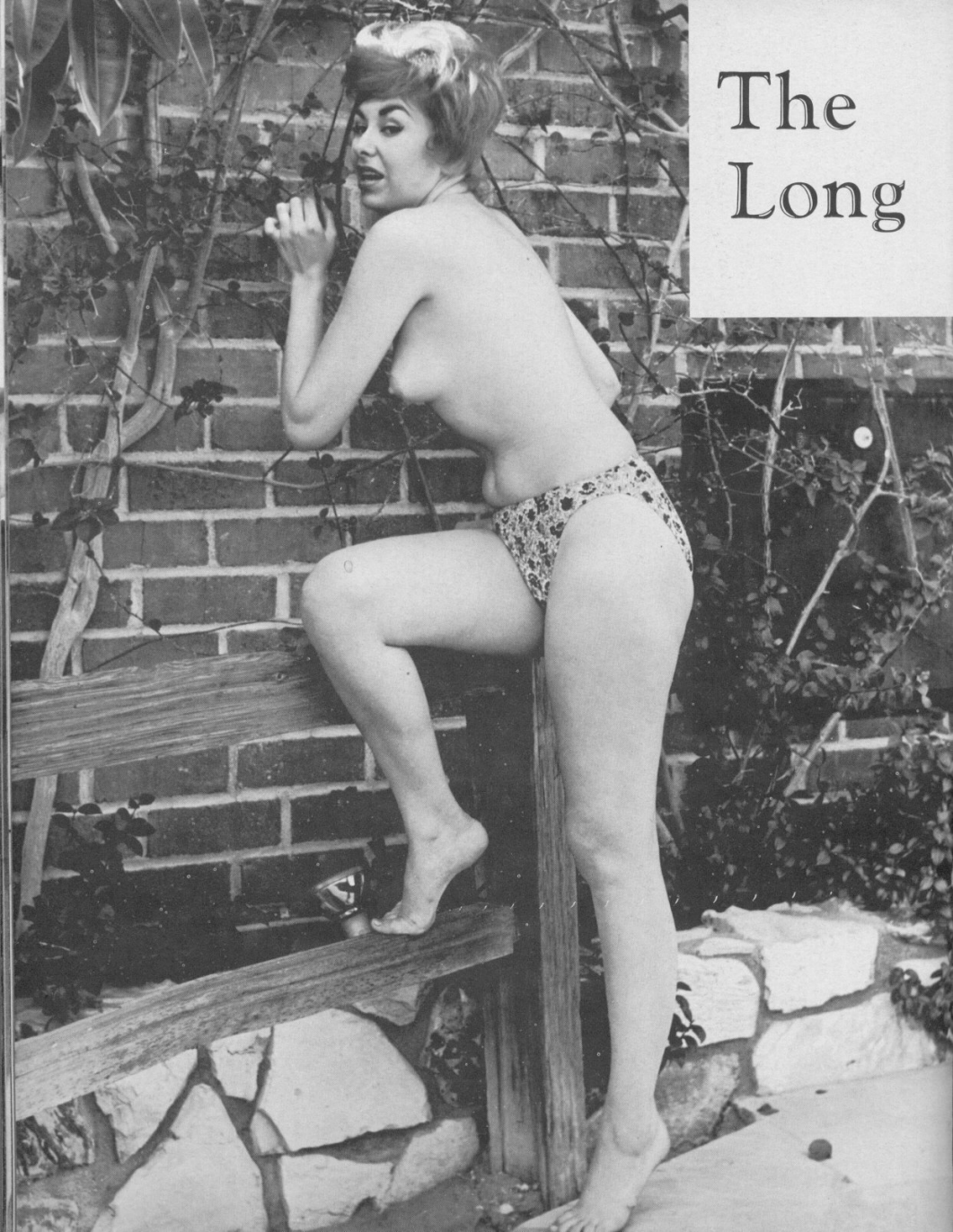
39







# The Long





Take two girls. Now that's not a half bad idea! They can be endowed with the same basic assets, as most girls are but they are usually a different as night and day. In this case that is quite literally so. They differ completely as to which one likes the night and which one likes the day. In fact they differ so much that you might will be interested in just what these ideas are. On every subject!



Ginger is better than five feet eleven. She says that that is the height she measured in at the last time she visited the doctor for a thorough physical examination. Lucky Doctor! She says she prefers the great outdoors. Nothing appeals to her as much as taking a slow boat to Catalina, finding some sheltered cove which is completely uninhabited by people and with her companion diving into the water au naturel. She resents the beaches with their excessive bathing suits. You can hardly dislike her feelings there.

✱ Angela is the short of it, only a whisper over five feet. But lounged in that frame is apleness that makes any man desirous. She would rather stay home and listen to music in the cool of the evening, naturally with you there. For her the nights are the times of splendor. She enjoys sitting on her back

(Continued on next page)

## and Short of It





porch and watching the darkness of night creep gently over the trees while behind her playing softly is the dance music emanating from her stereo. Dancing is Angela's favorite pastime.

Ginger sometimes likes to have another couple on her excursions into nature. One time she asked Angela on one such excursion but the latter said she was brushing up on the twist with her newest musician friend and that he and she would get their exercise on the dance floor.

Ginger doesn't mind being turned down. Her boyfriends never do it and that seems to be all that matters to her. As for Angela she doesn't complain about not having enough dates either. Both are booked up days, sometimes weeks in advance. You can see why they are so popular. For after all, their likes and dislikes though dissimilar are actually the same.

Ginger was asked about the type of man she liked best. You might think that she would prefer the tall, dark and handsome type. But she didn't have that qualification at all. What

she wants is the "permanent type". The kind of guy that doesn't blow down to Angela's house for some music and a romantic evening after having spent the day with her. You may be surprised at that as everyone else was. Any man that can go out with her in

the day and still want Angela at night must be a second cousin to Superman and have a private supply of juice from the fountain of youth.

But back to Ginger's qualifications for a fellow. In addition to being true to her she says she wants a



The Long and Short of It

man that's steady in his job. She doesn't care if he makes a lot of money or not, just so long as it comes in every week. He should also be able to handle

himself in and out of the water, on or off of a boat, and in the midst of or around girls. Particularly, she stresses, herself.

He doesn't have to be a

he-man. Just an ordinary guy that loves to swim, play, and frolic. Ginger giggled a bit there and said that you'd know what she meant. Undoubtedly you do.

Finally, here is how they stack up . . . against one another. Ginger is five-eleven, one hundred and thirty-one pounds. She measures somewhere in the neighborhood of 39-25-38. And, you might say, her greatest asset is her love of natural living.

The cool evenings appeal to Angela. She likes the feeling of being surrounded by stillness, the

*(Continued on next page)*



only sounds coming from a softly playing stereo set. Then she feels relaxed and at ease with the world.

You might ask if she likes to sit alone and listen. And you should be able to answer that one for yourself. No self-respecting girl, she says, would be

caught listening to music in a romantic surroundings without an escort.

Angela does have one rather peculiar trait, however. She thinks listening to music sans garments enhances the music's charm. She loves to literally feel the music. So you might say in that way she and Ginger are quite alike. For Ginger the only way to enjoy the water is to have it caress her completely.

Now that is not meant as an insult to Angela. She can take care of herself anyhow, but you better be assured that any male companion that spends the eve with her won't bother with Ginger the next day. Probably not even Angela until at least two days later.

Angela's men don't have to be the steady type. They just have to love music, be able to dance, and not have fat bellies. She doesn't mind big men, that is in girth, but she thinks it makes them a little slower on their feet, and for the twist that's not so good.

Angela also likes her men fairly tall. At least tall in comparison to her own five-one, which makes even five-six seem like a giant. Her men should love to sit and watch the sun setting after a restful day earning lots of cash. That's so they can afford the newest records which should

be playing softly at all times. And lastly, she prefers dark haired men to blonds. Her reasoning is this: she feels she can trust them. Blonde men, she says, like blonde women aren't trustworthy. When it was pointed out that you might realize she was a blonde, she just took on the

cute smirk of hers and cuddled her chin into her shoulder.

Angela, standing five-one, tips the scales one hundred and eight pounds. But the surprise is her measurements, 39-24-38. You know, on second thought, you might consider them both big girls!





(Continued from page 25 )

Somewhere, between the warm softness of her arms and the tender pleasures of her mouth, I drifted off into sleep. It wasn't a hard thing to do, even in the hot air of Papeete, because I'd just gotten back, loaded to the Pimsol line, with the fruits of another of dad's expeditions into the unknowns of botany. I was so tired and so damned sick of plants, I was beginning to feel a strong comradeship with old Fletcher Christian and his mutineers.

It was sunset when I awoke and the world was bathed in the rosy glow of another dying day. For a moment, I was all set to leap out of bed — then I remembered that I was supposed to be dying of purple spot-itis. I scanned the joint through slitted eyes. Dad was in the bathroom, shaving probably. I wondered vaguely whether he'd seen my face, but dismissed the thought. If he had, probably every doctor in the island would be probing at me by now. I waited for him to come out before going into my act.

"Uhhhh," I said, as though pulling out of a deep sleep, wracked with pain.

"Johnny?" He asked.

"Uhhhhhhhh." I let my eyes flicker open and focus painfully on the parent symbol at the foot of my bed.

"What's the matter, kid?" he asked.

"What's the matter with you, I thought. Can't you see all the spots? Aloud, I said: "I don't feel so well, dad. I think I'm dying."

He reached out a ham sized paw and covered my forehead with it! Never even seen the spots, for Pete's sake!

"You don't have a fever," he announced. "What is it?"

"Just sick, dad. Pain in my gut . . . just all beat out."

He nodded seriously. "May be you'd better stay here and rest. I've probably been working you too hard."

"I ought to go, dad," I said

weakly. "What if you get lost in the jungle? Are you sure that native knows the area?"

"Yes. He paused, thinking "You stay here. I don't think there's much wrong with you. Anyhow, we don't want to take any chances, eh, son?"

"We sure don't," I said.

I laid there and watched him gather up all the Frank Buck equipment and walk to the door. He lifted a ham-hand to me and went out. As soon as I heard his footsteps dying away, I leaped out of the sack and dashed to the bathroom to peer at my

tains in the background were little more than sun-rimmed shadows against the incredible blue of the darkening day. It would be dark when I hit the beach. I grabbed a *pareu*, managed to get the damned thing on and raced for the beach. In the gathering darkness, people only stared blankly at the nutty American in the island getup.

She was there! When I reached the spot, I stopped and looked at her. It was like a scene out of a travelogue and I kept thinking things. Nice things.



face.

The spots were gone! The sneaky crum had washed them off while I was sleeping! Then I spotted the note on the mirror and read it:

YOU HAVE TO ADMIT (the note read) PURPLE SPOTS IS A PRETTY SILLY ANGLE.

I blinked at it. Well, I'll be a hogtied longhorn, I thought in ecstasy. The old man was finally taking me off the plant and bug detail to let me loose on the female half of Oceania! A miracle!

I didn't have a minute to lose! Not a second! Already, the warm, flower scented, tropical night was swinging in over Papeete and the heavy moun-

SHE was standing there, in the moonlight, leaning sweetly against the trunk of a coconut palm, her silhouetted breasts lifting and falling to the rhythm of her wistful breathing. A beautiful, dark shadow, waiting patiently, in the warm, tropical air, for her lover . . . for the one man in the world . . .

I walked up swiftly, gathered her into my arms and kissed the warm sweetness of her lovely mouth. Suddenly, I was as high as a kite and about as emotionally stable as Casanova. Oh, baby, I thought, clutching all that warm, brown softness to me, this is one island I want to buy! Finally I came up for air.

"Oh, doli," I whispered. "Oh, M'sieu, zat was zo nice, non?"



It filtered through, like pulling the little boy's finger out of the dyke. *M'sieu?* Jacqueline never called me that, I thought, feeling as though I'd been punched in the gut by Yukon Eric . . . and I know! It was a wrong number! I whipped her around into the moonlight where I could see her face. A pair of beautiful eyes flickered at me, above a star speckled mouth. She was beautiful, but the wrong one. I felt like I had just walked into the Ladies' Room at Quinn's.

"Oh," I croaked, "I'm . . . I'm sorry. I thought . . ."

"Don't be sorry, *M'sieu*. I am not call *ze gendarmes* . . . I do not do zat bat thing."

She stood there, with the tender cones of her *pareu* wrapped breasts punching at me playfully and I was suddenly alarmed to discover that I couldn't for the life of me think what Jacqueline looked like. I was enveloped in the frank open beauty of the Polynesian playmate who'd just slipped me the rule book on Tuamotu love life.

I kissed her again. And again. And on and on, getting higher and higher, and . . . well you know. Don't you?

It was breaking dawn when I took her home and headed back to the hotel, feeling like a man who had discovered a new star. No matter, I decided, how messed up things become, there's one thing these women know—how to handle men. I felt handled, and didn't even think of Jacqueline. Besides, Jeanette was beyond comparison . . . nothing could touch her. Almost.

Poor dad, I thought, mountain climbing. I shoved the door of the room open and there was dad!

"Hey," I said, "what're you doing here? You're supposed to be climbing the local Alps for posies."

"I couldn't make it, son," he said, tightly. "I've been pushing too hard. Nearly collapsed, up there, but my guide brought me back. I've decided to stay here in Papeete and work on my book for a few months."

I thought of Jeanette and damned near let out a war-whoop. Then, I noticed that the old man was wearing swimming trunks. That was the first he'd had them on.

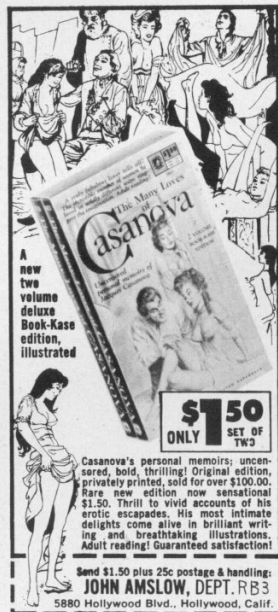
"Going for a dip, dad?"

"Yes. My guide is going to show me a secluded lagoon, where I can swim and plan the book."

That's when the bathroom door opened and I knew without turning around. But I did, and grinned at her because I was glad she knew how to handle men.

"*Bonjour, Jacqueline,*" I said happily, "and *merci.*"

She winked, American style.



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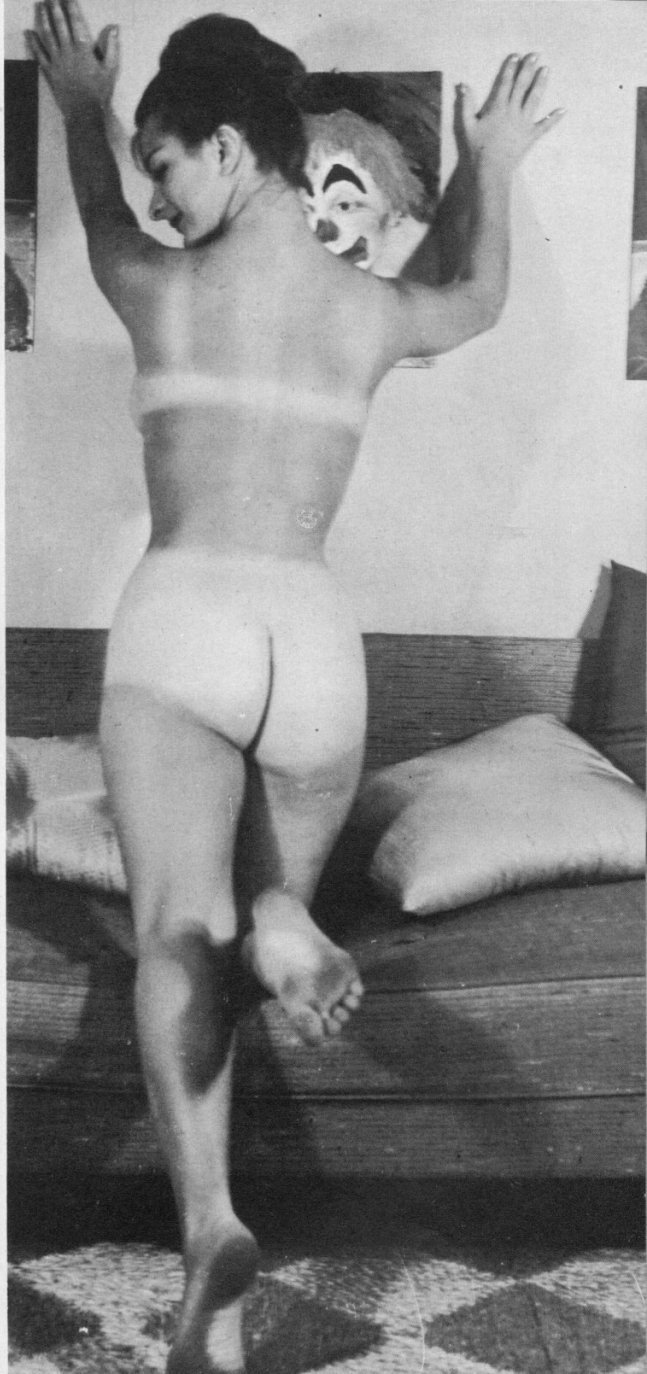
# TAN-MAN





## TAN-MAN

"What do you do" says Julie Ann when you are a city dweller and must don some apparel during a sunbath. The answer is simple—bronze color most of the places and a fair white in the more interesting places. Each color compliments the other but Julie hungers for an all covering golden coat. As heavily endowed as Julie we wondered what size bikini top she wore in her obvious bikini. "The largest . . . 42" she replied. If we had the advantage of color, the white negligée on the snow-white bed next to her dusky skin would be even more eye provoking. Though Julie felt she would be great for the current Mantan ads, she was rejected for showing too much of the product.









54





With some 3,000,000 bottles of French and over 17,000,000 bottles of California and New York State Champagne being imbibed by Americans this year, the thrilling, pop of the ejecting corks and the sparkling, dancing effervescence of the bubbly elixir are doing their share to add to the gaiety of the nation. For to taste this golden Cadillac of wines is to know the excitement of stars in your mouth.

These 20,000,000 bottles light up a lot of gala occasions. What's a wedding reception, for instance, without Champagne? It's the wine of elegance, festivity and celebration for anniversaries, birthday parties, consummation of big deals and special nights out at posh restaurants. Each week throughout the land, an estimated 50,000 after-dinner speeches are delivered, many of them ending with a toast, and no toast is worth its verbiage without Champagne. Many restaurants have lately reported an increasing interest in the wine lists by patrons, with more and more Americans choosing a good Champagne—the captured essence of laughter—to top a superb meal.

Why the trend toward Champagne and whatever makes it preferred by the discriminating? Evidently, the answer is that Champagne happens to be the most skillfully made wine you can buy.

For the uniqueness of this inspiring beverage, credit the singular techniques (the *methode champenoise*) with which it is made, the remarkable grapes nurtured with loving care and know-how, and the zealously enforced government regulation that guarantee every bottle labelled Champagne is the genuine product. Man and nature, working together in perfect harmony, take at least three long years to produce champagne.

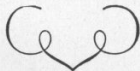
Only in a few special districts throughout the world can be found the extraordinary combination of soil, grapes and climate required to produce fine champagne. In France the champagne vineyards lie some 60 miles east of Paris, on the lower slope of a chain of hills near Reims and the Marne Valley. The earliest Champagne vineyards were planted as far back as the third century and the kings of France, traditionally crowned at Reims, helped spread the reputation of the wine among the rich, the great and the noble. Today, only about 25,000 acres are cultivated, less than half as many as a century ago. By law, only the fruit of this limited region may be used to produce Champagne in France.

The whole Champagne country has a subsoil of almost pure chalk that can be cut with a knife like cheese, yet hardens when exposed to air. Roots of grapevines sink into it, often 25 feet deep, drawing just the right mixture of nutrients. It's this chalky soil that is largely responsible for the bouquet and super-natural lightness of French Champagne.

Only specific varieties of grapes can by French law, be used for Champagne. These are chiefly the black Pinots and Meunier, and the white Chardonnay. Gazing at the golden bubbly in your glass, you'll be surprised that it comes from a grape as dark as the Pinot Noir. But the pulp of the Pinot Noir is almost colorless and the juice has the hue of pale straw.

Those Pinots show their fine breeding, which produces the ecstatic bouquet. Blending of wines from various vineyards is calculated to bring to the Champagne its unique taste: grapes from the Marne Valley contribute roundness and softness; from the Mountain at Reims, body and power; from the Cote des Blancs, finesse and delicacy.

ALL YEAR 'ROUND, the 15,000 owner-growers of the Champagne District vineyards work at fertilizing, spraying and delicate pruning, making sure the right-sized bunch (not the largest!) will appear on the vines. Comes the "vendage" or harvest in late September and early October and the area is invaded by pickers from other parts of France, arriving in all manner of vehicles and looking much like gypsies. The French believe in picking grapes early in the morning. They say grapes gathered at sunrise have the tang of a maiden's first kiss and some of its shyness and shiveriness as well, so they produce the lightest and clearest wine. And the soft warmth of the early morning sun is supposed to be good for grape purity, bad for the insect and other enemies of the vine.



Champagne grapes are ripe for harvesting 100 days after the flower blooms but this flower is so small that it's hard to see it. So vintners keep patches of lily-of-the-valley. The lilies bloom at the same time as the grapes and 100 days later he prefecture sets the official date for the vendage.

After the cut bunches are laid out and examined one by one, the unripe and overripe grapes removed, they're handled like eggs as they are packed onto horsedrawn carts fitted with springs and moved slowly to the **vendangeoirs**. There they're washed and then pressed.

Would you like to know how much pressure it takes to squeeze the juice out of a French Champagne grape in a wine press? Believe it or not, about 800 pounds per square inch!

By far, the most subtle of many critical operations affecting the quality of Champagne is the pressing. Carefully, some 8,800 pounds of grapes are spread out on a very shallow fenced-in box inside the press. This shallowness is important **because the juices must pass through quickly so that they stay in contact with the skins as briefly as possible. Otherwise, the wine could be colored.** French government rules are so strict that **only specified quantities of juice are allowed to be taken from a certain weight of grapes.** What's left of the juices go into string alcohols or other types of regional wine.

The finest juices from the first three pressings are reserved exclusively for Champagne, although **the most important French producers often use only the liquid from the first.** The French would be horrified at the thought of dregs in their Champagne.

Drawn off into barrels, fermentation begins immediately. Three months later, when the wines have "fallen bright" and been transferred to other barrels, the tasters and blenders get to work. Now comes the blend or **cuvée**

# French Bubbles





Wines from various vineyards are selected for their sought-after qualities, such as bouquet and body, and married. Each taster or cellar-master picks the combination of wines that produces the characteristic taste for which his firm is known.

The true capial of the Champagne District is actually the relatively few noses (sometimes richly colored) of this elite group of cellar-masters. **You can replace almost anything by machinery but you need a highly educated nose and taste buds to analyze the bouquet, flavor, and other precious qualities of wine.** Often the tasters are blindfolded (that test was not originated by cigarette makers!) for the human tendency is to judge by color as well as by taste. When the experts are not blindfolded, the tasting rooms are painted a dead white to avoid giving the wine a false color reflected from the walls, ceiling or floor when the wine is held up to the light for inspection.

All this goes on in the wine makers' enormous underground cellars, the most remarkable in the world. Some of the tunnels are over 20 miles long. Here, in a temperature ranging from 45° to 65°, each wine can go through its second fermentation under ideal conditions.

Once judged and the **cuvée** made, the wine is drawn off into bottles and sealed with a mushroom cork called an **agrafe**. The bottles are stacked horizontally, with the necks resting on strips of wood. This second fermentation, which gives the wine its characteristic sparkle, must take place in the bottle itself.

Of course, no account of champagne-making can pass up Dom Pierre Perignon, who is said to have "invented" the sparkle. The learned monk, cellar master of an abbey at Hautvillers in the 17th century, was the first to tame the dangerous process of fermentation. As the legend goes, Dom Perignon misplaced two bottles among some older wines and months later decided to sample one of them. To his astonishment, the cork was ejected with a loud report. "Too bad, the wine has spoiled," he sighed. But the bouquet smelled fresh and inviting. Pouring himself a glass, the monk was delighted to find millions of tiny bubbles dancing up through the golden vintage. He sipped.

"The angels have descended!" he whispered gleefully. "They've left stars in the wine."

And that, they'll tell you today around Reims and Epernay, was how Champagne was discovered.

After the second fermentation, another tricky process begins. While the sparkling effervescence was created, a **sediment was formed in the wine**. While it doesn't affect the quality, no one wants to drink a cloudy wine. To get rid of the sediment, the Champagne bottles are stored at a slant, neck down. Then, each day, for months, workers walk around and give each bottle a slight twist and turn, about an eighth of an inch each day. (Some of them turn as many as 30,000 bottles a day.) Gradually, the deposit slides down toward the cork. All this is known as the "**remuage**" or riddling. After four to six months, the wine is clear. Finally, through a process of **freezing the bottle-neck**, the cork and sediment are removed without losing any of the precious sparkle in the Champagne. Thereafter the bottle is left to age neck down (**sur pointe**).

Before the bottle is recorked, the bottles submit to a process called **dosage**. Up to now, the Champagne is dry, not always agreeable to the average palate. So a bit of liqueur is added, composed of some sugar, old wine and fine brandy. Whether a Champagne is **brut** or extra dry or **sec** depends on how much of the liqueur goes into it. Champagnes that go to Russia and Latin America receive as much as 10 per cent liqueur. Generally, the less **dosage** in a Champagne, the better it is. We Americans now prefer our bubbly **brut** (dry) rather than sweetened.

In the past ten years," says R. G. Kopf, chairman of the Champagne Importers Committee, "Americans seem to have developed a more sophisticated palate, seeking a subtle savor."

Champagne invariably receives respectful treatment and you'll notice that it's traditionally served with some ceremony. You never see it in a water tumbler, for a delicate wine deserves a delicate glass. The best glasses for Champagne are tulip-shaped, tall and thin-stemmed, though the saucer-shaped eggshell-thin glass is also popular.



Naturally, you should first chill your Champagne, but don't make it too cold. Leave it for half an hour or so in an ice bucket or no more than two hours in a refrigerator, which is hardly as romantic. You can wipe off the dampness but for heaven's sake don't wrap the bottle in a napkin so that you hide the graceful beauty of the bottle and label. Grasp the bottle firmly in your left hand and uncoil the wire holding the cork. Gently twist and turn the cork as the bottle is kept slightly inclined. Don't let the cork make too great a "pop" or you'll lose some of the precious froth. Pour a little at a time — and keep replenishing.

And here's a final tip for the host who wants the most bubbles in his Champagne glass. Take your wife's diamond ring (of course she has one around) and scratch the bottom of the glass. No one can see the tiny scratches but they activate the Champagne to produce a wondrous display of lively bubbles.



"There are times when I wish you'd gone down with your ship five years ago."

# BETTY

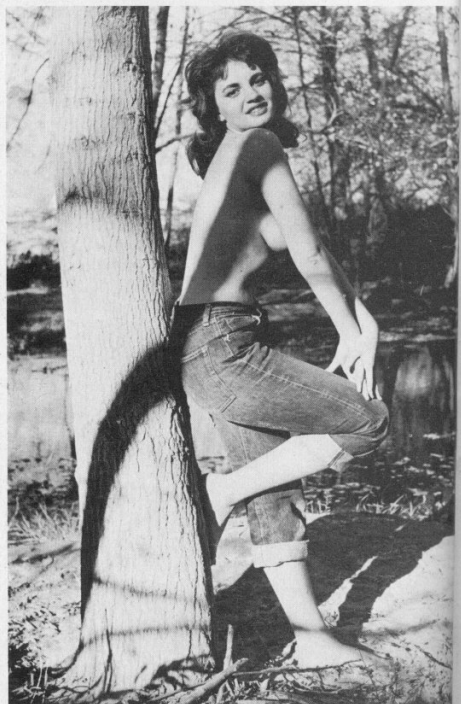


# BLUE JEANS

*The striped shirt belongs to a male who loves to accompany Betty during one of her outdoor escapades. This is one guy who will give a gal the shirt off his back.*



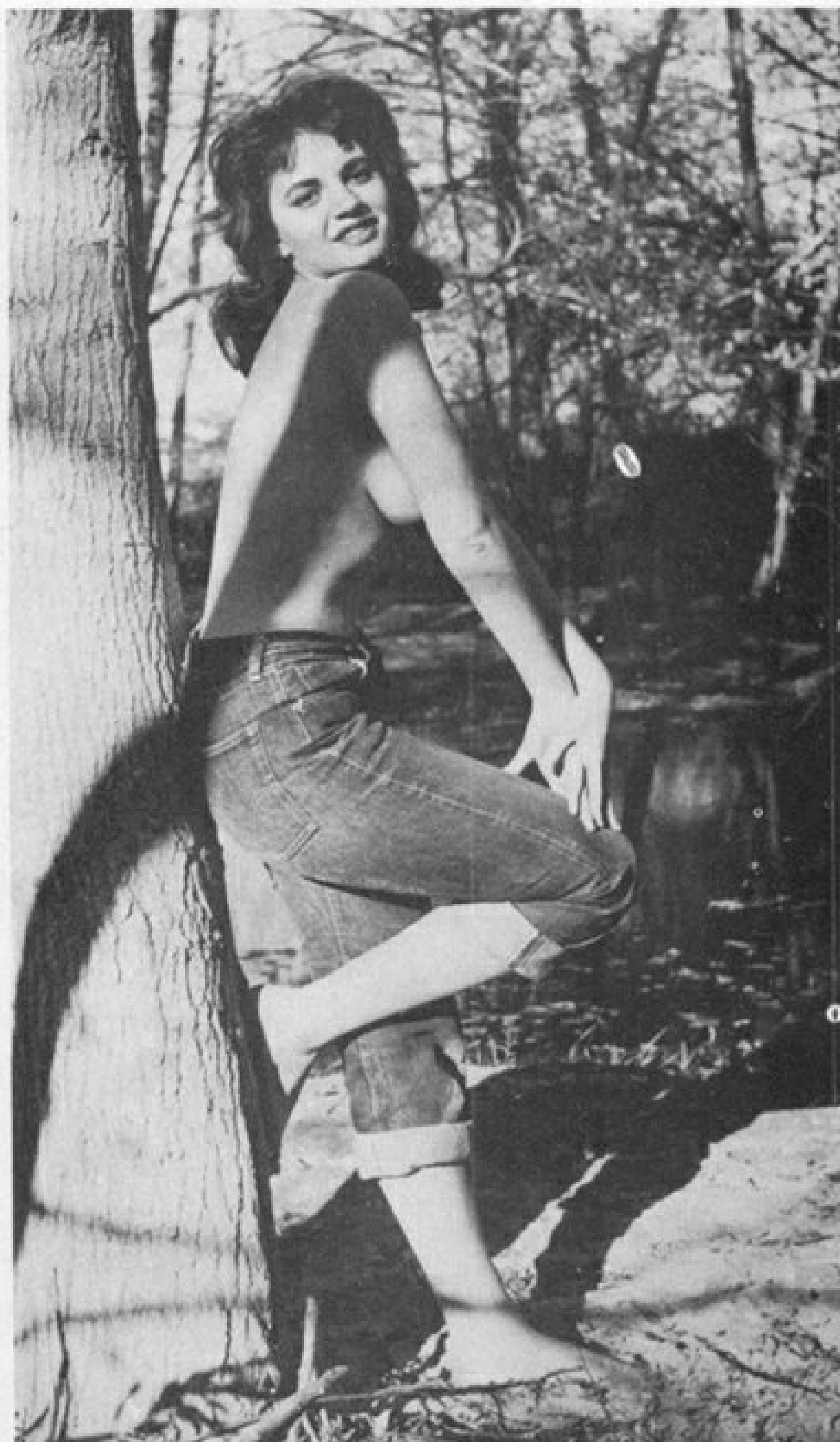
A tiny but bountiful brunette, Betty does her imitation of Marlon Brando in one of his ever so sexy pics.



*Blue jeans do strange things to Betty.  
Once they are on, she wants them off.*







62

*To prove that the clothes don't make the woman, Betty lends a but definitely sensual air clothed in anything but sexy clothing.*



*Having discarded the attire, she stands in full bloom, just waiting for any man to deny "that the best things come in small packages."*









*She's beautiful, she's built, and those hips of hers twitch in the craziest way . . . ! Just think what it'd be like to spend your life with a doll who lived only to keep you in shape for sex! Brother, the sooner you boot her tail out the door and forget her the happier you'll be.*

## *When choosing a wife — or even a mistress*

Article by Arthur Farmer

EVERY inch of her excitingly constructed body is gloriously nude and quivering with anticipation, while her eyes, sensuously half-lidded, watch you disrobe from their vantage point on your pillow. A few hours ago you took her to one of the best restaurants in town — while you had a juicy *filet mignon* she, being a vegetarian, had a ladylike salad — and as you were leaving you encountered an old friend who commented that he'd missed you at the track and you said you'd been busy but you'd see him Saturday. In the car the broad snuggled up to you and asked you if you played the horses a lot and you'd started to explain the sport of kings to her but she stopped you with a sultry, "But darling, I can think of lots more interesting things to do than bet on a horse."

The rest of the way home she cuddled so close that there was no doubt what she had in mind, and the minute you got in your bachelor apartment she started to strip. By the time she found the bedroom — it took her 45 seconds — she was nude.

You're still in shock but you know a good thing when you see it, and now you're sitting on the edge of the bed taking your socks off. Then, like a conscientious craftsman who enjoys his work, you start the careful techniques of arousal which you have learned from long practice will turn any woman into a sexual dervish within ten minutes.

She pulls away and hisses at you: "Don't you ever touch me there! I don't go for this perverted stuff at all. Either you do it right or forget it!"

In a minute, you discover that her concept of "doing it right" has all the subtlety of a Mack Truck, and it's over before the bed has a chance to get warm. Stunned, you reach for a cigarette and she says, "You smoke too much, that's it."

"That's what?" you respond.

"Your lack of stamina. You know, I heard you wheezing when we were doing it?"

"I always wheeze," you tell her stiffly.

"Wheat germ and honey," she smiles. "What you need is a wife to look after you, to keep you out of the poolhalls and the race track. You got any food in the house?"

"Yeah," you say guardedly.

"Good. You go fix yourself a cheese sandwich on whole wheat and a big glass of buttermilk, and then come back here and we'll . . ." her hips do a burlesque-type grind ". . . try it again."

"You want something, too?" you ask politely.

She shakes her beautiful head. "I eat scientifically."

Clinging to your cigarette, you pad out to the kitchen and make a sandwich, open a can of beer and bring the victuals back into the bedroom.



"White bread!" she shrieks. "You do need help."

"You volunteering for the job?" you ask, again intrigued by the way her hips are twitching and the rest of her seems to be seconding the motion.

Her eyes go all dreamy. "I was hoping you'd ask me, darling," she whispers. "The answer is yes. We can get married tomorrow. I never did believe in long engagements."

"Whoa!" you protest. "Isn't this a little sudden?"

She shakes her beautiful head. "You must think I'm promiscuous or something!" she accuses. "I'll have you know I checked before even going to bed with you. We'll have a long and happy marriage, and three beautiful children."

"You . . . checked?" you repeat, half-choking on your sandwich.

"Of course. I wouldn't be here if I wasn't sure."

"Where did you do all this checking?"

"In the ladies room."

You look at her blankly. "Really?"

"Sure. In my astrological forecast. I always carry it with me. Remember, I asked you when you were born?"

You nod numbly.

She grins. "See, it's all taken care of in advance. Now finish your sandwich and come back here."

**Y**OU never had it so good, did you? She's a nut, but she's nuts in a nice way, and you'd be a fool not to marry her before she changes her mind, wouldn't you? She's beautiful, she's built, and those hips of her twitch in the craziest way . . . ! Just think what it'd be like to spend your life with a doll who lived only to keep you in shape for sex!

Brother, the sooner you boot her tail out the door and forget her the happier you'll be. She'd have you on a vegetarian diet within two days. She thinks everything about sex except copulation is perverted, she doesn't approve of gambling, and she lives by astrology. You need her like Mansfield needs Liberate.

Still, it's one of the inescapable facts of life that one day, a good looking broad will set the marriage trap for you and you're going to like her bait so much that you quit the bachelor bit and let some joker with either a reverse collar or a commission from the state say the magic words over you.

So how do you make sure you get trapped by the right girl?

Just draw up an honest list of specifications and bide your time until you find a gal who comes closest to filling them. It's no more complicated than buying a car.

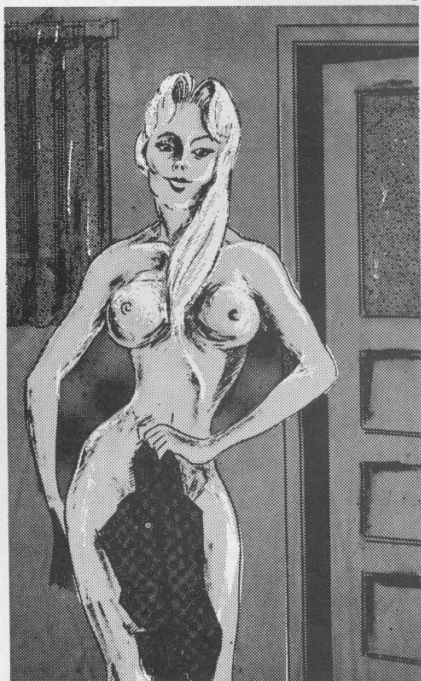
Men have a little easier time of it than the girls do, for we can afford to wait until we're thirty be-

fore saying "I do." Presuming that we're eligible for marriage from the time we're eighteen on, we can spend twelve years looking. It has been estimated that a single man meets about ten suitable women a year — girls with whom he could build a satisfactory marital relationship. To be conservative, say you encounter a total of 100 of these gals in your twelve years of shopping around. If they meet most of your qualifications, you're sure to appeal to the majority of them. As long as they're not already married, you may consider them "available."

**N**OW, availability is essential, but not the only criterion, although many men frantically rush into the arms of the first available doll who shows any interest at all in them. Depending upon how intense your need to be loved might be — and all of us want to be loved — marriage happens. But your needs are related to your beliefs and attitudes. A freewheeling liberal, then, is committing suicide by inches if he marries a girl who brands as sinful those things which he considers fun.

And despite the fact that a lot of marriages came

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The main reason men marry is because they're lonely — and loneliness can be felt on a number of different levels. It shows up as a psychological (and often physical!) hunger. Actually, it's an entire menu of hungers. The object of your quest is to find one woman who can satisfy more of those hungers than any other woman you've auditioned for the role. Therefore, it behooves the intelligent man to keep an active relationship with girls who satisfy one or more, but not the majority, of those hungers, in order to prevent one or two of his cravings to become so frustrated that they overshadow his ability to objectively analyze the potential of each prospective marriage partner.

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about because the girl refused to go to bed with the guy until he made it legal, such a refusal is not a good basis for a marriage. Too many men have bought a license just to get her in bed and found on their wedding night that she wasn't worth taking there in the first place.

How, then, should a virile, frequently-bedded bachelor shop for a wife? If he's wise, he'll enjoy each woman he goes with to the limit of her potential, bedding those who are beddable, gradually discarding those who aren't, and checking each against his list of qualifications until he finds a doll who measures up. Long before he's run through his anticipated hundred, one of them will fill the bill — or at least meet most of the conditions he demands in a woman.



time — if your choice of a love-partner was intelligent in the first place. If so, your love becomes a complete sharing and a complete elimination of loneliness. You should never have to work at being in love, any more than you should have to consciously strain to breathe.

And if you *know*, at the outset, that you're going to meet and marry a woman who meets your requirements, and who has the flexibility to grow with you in the marriage, you will not only have the sort of confidence which lets you refrain from marrying a girl who satisfies only one or two hungers, but you will actually *attract* the ones you're ultimately looking for. There's no shortage of girls who will fill the bill, if you merely have the patience and good sense to keep looking and keep your heart out of it until your head has had time to make the initial decision.

Remember, in order to reject a girl, you've first got to audition her — and getting to know ten different dollies a year well enough to make an intelligent choice is a task that could make it a pretty enjoyable twelve years . . . !

For the same reason, he should never try to decide about a girl while she's in his arms or in his bed, for at that moment even the most cold-blooded intellectual can't think with his brain. Only when he's alone and not subject to her physical appeal should he try to make up his mind about her.

Is it wrong, then, to fall in love? No — but remember, love is traditionally blind. It's stupid to let yourself fall in love before you've established that the girl meets your qualifications. Falling in love then is easy — all it requires is telling yourself, and the girl, that you love her. Say it often enough and you'll both believe it. Not only that, it will be true, and real, for love is nothing more than believing that you love. You're much better off, and your love will last much longer, if you make the initial decision with your head and not with your heart.

THE act of loving automatically makes you vulnerable, as it should. It's a wholehearted expression of *giving*. And when it happens, it can be the most wonderful, the most rewarding, the most stimulating way of life in the world, fulfilling all of your hungers and all of her hungers at the same





(Continued from page 17)

wouldn't hijack a boat when they could get sympathizers. They've probably stolen something back in Jamaica and are running."

"What could they have steal?"

"Search me, *miel*, but I haven't any ambition for having my boat blown to hell. Let's see if you can untie my hands, Lita."

Pain splintered the length of his arm, but Buck was slammed back against the steps. He came to his feet and Nick hit him again, throwing all of his two hundred pounds into the punch. The big negro grabbed at him and they struggled clumsily in the tight quarters.

There was a shot, then another. Nick felt the Jamaican begin to sag and the redhead shouted:

"You fool! You've shot Buck!"

"So what," Johnny roared. "The more for us!" He fired again and Nick felt the third slug hit him like a punch in the stomach. The well of darkness closed over him again and he fell beside the brawny body of Buck. Lita screamed, somewhere in the darkness, and the sound held him. He lay there and listened.

The dynamite set?" the redhead asked.

"Yeah. Get in the launch."



He struggled to his feet and moved over to where she lay on the bunk and sat down. He could feel her moving, then her fingers, impeded by her own ropes, tugged and pulled at the knots. She was panting with the effort in seconds.

"I cannot . . ." she whispered.

"Let me try to free you." His fingers found the knots and he started to pull at them, breaking his fingernails but accomplishing little else. He tried.

He was still trying when the hatch slid forward again and Johnny shouldered his way down into the cabin. His hand lashed out, knotted in Nick's hair and yanked him away from Lita. Nick cracked his head on the top starboard bunk and felt the blackness swarming over him again. He fought it, hearing Johnny's voice through the haze of pain.

"Looks like we'll have to alter our arrangement," he grunted. "Buck!"

The Jamaican appeared, poking his head through the hatch. "Yas?"

"Come down here and spread eagle these two to the bunk supports."

Buck grunted and came down. Johnny grinned and went up to the cockpit with the redhead. Buck removed the ropes from around Lita's wrists and ankles, then retied her in a spread eagle fashion to the bunks.

"How much they paying you?" Thompson asked him.

"A third."

"Of what?"

The Jamaican grinned. "A job," he said.

"You'll end up with a bullet, likely," Nick told him, although he knew that he couldn't sway him.

Above the sound of the *Williwaw*'s twin engines, he could hear the sound of an oncoming boat. That would be the pickup. Real neat, Nick thought. They'll mine the boat, radio the Coast Guard that there is a gas leak, then take off in the pickup launch. By the time the Coast Guard reaches the scene, the *Williwaw* will have been blown to the four winds and the only bodies will be his and Lita's.

As Johnny cut the engines and waited for the pickup boat, Buck began to untie Nick's bonds. That was the moment he'd been waiting for. As soon as his hands were free, he swung a hard right at the Jamaican's head.



Pain seared his side when he moved, but he had to move. He had to get that charge of dynamite. He could hear the sound of Johnny's voice talking over the ship-to-shore, then it stopped. The Coast Guard knew about "a gas leak" on the *Williwaw* now. By the time they got here, there would be only pieces. Nick tried to crawl to the steps, but a heavy brown hand knocked him aside.

He watched Buck heading for the cockpit and tried to follow him. The Jamaican found the bundle of dynamite and stood up, the explosives smoking in his hand.

"Jesus," Johnny bellowed from the pickup boat. "It's Buck! Shoot!"

Gunshots echoed over the roar of the launch as they tried to get away, but Buck either didn't feel them, or they had missed. He glanced down at the dynamite absently, then threw it.

The roar of the blast threw Nick to the floor again, but he got up swiftly, holding his side. When he staggered into the cockpit, Buck was sprawled in the stern sheets. The sea was smoking where the launch had been and there was a grave-like stillness over the water. When he turned on the searchlight, he found the sachel floating in the water and fished it out with the boathook. It was full of money. Bitterly, he threw it on the deck and looked down at the dead Jamaican.

After awhile, he went down to cut Lita loose. They didn't speak. She laid him down in one of the bunks and went topside to start the engines and head for Kingston. Nick grinned. She was going to look silly as hell, piloting the boat in her nightgown . . .





# THE

72



PICTORIAL

It has oft been said "The best mirror is an old friend" and so Janie Lees has developed a friend of long standing.

Whether perched on a bed, primping in the bathroom, Janie examines every delightful inch of her five feet.

"I wonder if I'm almost immoral" she says regarding her vanity. But when photogs are around, her mirror fetish is taken as an act of generosity and her mirror has now become everyone's best friend.





IMMORAL MISS LEES

Feeling immoral again, Janie attires herself in a black negligee. She's not the only one to feel immoral. A bed, a black negligee seductive good looks and a mirror. What careless rapture for the immoral at heart.









76

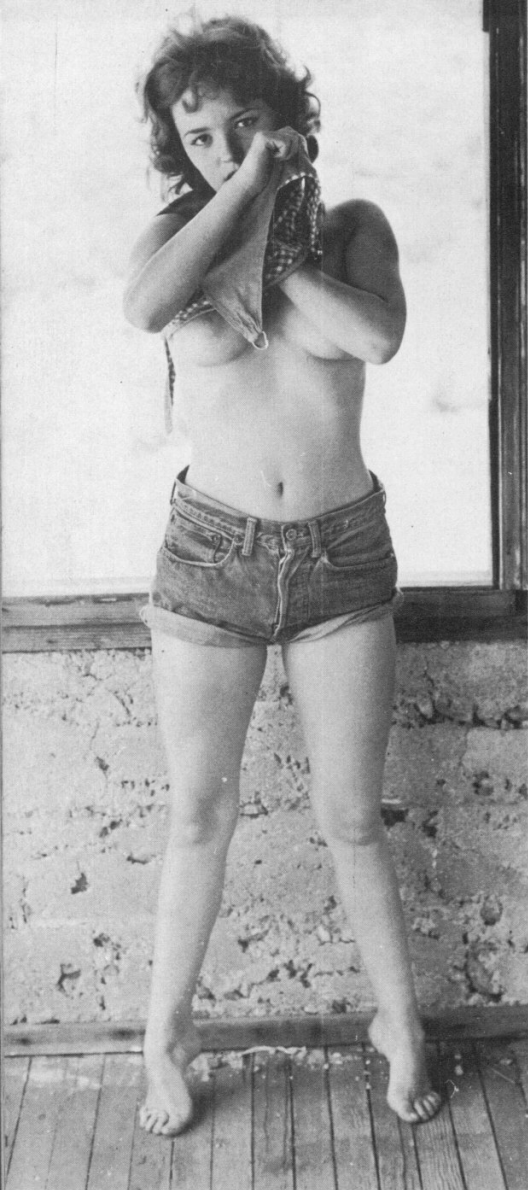
# JUNIOR LEAGUE

*Breaking all rules, but still yet President of the Junior League of Sexy Sisters, Sharon takes to the woods for another afternoon game. Asked why she loves to pose out doors she insisted that the wild and uncontrollable manner of nature complimented her wild and uncontrollable nature. Her sexy sisters prefer bedrooms.*

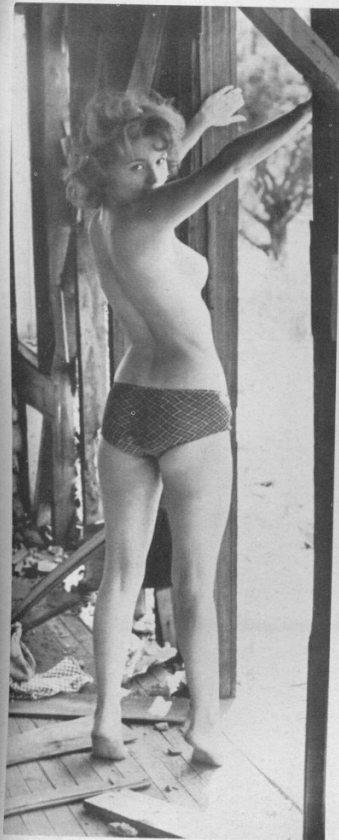


*Regardless of her surroundings she stands up to the best of things.*





*Her favorite picture,  
"Tobacco Road," invades  
her ideas for picture tak-  
ing.*



*Cocky, cute, coquet-  
tish, sexy, tempetuous  
and eager is the motto  
of the Junior League,  
It is no wonder that  
this doll is President.*







**unMATED MINX!**



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